

Cops and... Felons?

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Cops and... Felons?

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Summary

Will, Hannibal, and Nigel try out roleplaying.

Will Graham as a cop...

Hannibals and Nigel as... themselves (felons)

Will decides to punish them for their crimes.

Kinktober Day 15: Roleplay

“Get down on the ground, hands where I can see them. Both of you. Now.” Will barks at the two burly men, venom in his order.

It’s been nearly a decade and a half since Will has been in police uniform, and he has to admit that it’s getting to his head much faster than he expected.

He watches as Hannibal kneels first, one knee then the other. He puts his hands behind his head, surrendering easily.

Nigel is much more stubborn, and Will has to forcefully make him kneel with strong hands. He complies to the second order without resistance, placing his hands in a similar position to how Hannibal is displaying them.

Will stops to look, admire, for a moment. This sense of power, staring down at these two pathetic criminals.. it’s intoxicating.

The sets of handcuffs in his left hand are high quality, even if they aren’t real. It’s very unlikely that either of these buff felons would be able to break out of them.

Will circles around the two kneeling men, tapping his baton against his thigh in a slow, intimidating rhythm. Nigel looks up at him curiously when he hears the quiet sound it makes, but Hannibal keeps his eyes trained on the floor obediently.

“Eyes down.” Will reminds when he stops behind Nigel’s head. They have rules for when Will is in the dominant role, and Nigel always seems to forget them. He slaps Nigel’s neck and watches as the younger man processes the command. His head drops and his breath hitches at the stingy pain from the baton.

Will continues his stroll around the two men, taking his time to walk from heel to toe in his uniform shoes. They make quite a nice sound against the hardwood floor of his bedroom.

He squats down before the two men, each of who are larger than Will. He brings the pair of handcuffs up so they can get a look at the high quality cuffs. “How you’ve both managed to live for so long without incarceration baffles me.”

The two stay silent as they listen. Nigel smiles without shame, and Hannibal’s mouth twitches up into a small smirk, but other than that, he shows no reaction to Will’s words.

Will stands abruptly and moves with haste to the backside of the men again. He grabs Hannibal’s wrists roughly where they rest above his head.

“Chesapeake Ripper, have you decided to stop running?” Will growls into his ear as he yanks his arms down behind his back. “You’re under arrest on various accounts of murder. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in court. It’s wise that you shut your mouth, Lecter.” He clicks the first cuff around Hannibal’s scarred wrist as he reads off his Miranda rights.

Nigel feels the temptation to disobey the order that Will had given just a few moments prior, he feels the urge to tackle Will and allow Hannibal the opportunity to take control. Nigel wants to take control as well. Even if all three of them had agreed to this exact scenario at the start of the evening.

Hannibal allows Will to cuff him, and he rolls his shoulders a few times, pulling at the restraint to test its strength.

Will wastes very little time, shifting his attention to Nigel once Hannibal is settled. He grabs out his second set of cuffs and gives Nigel the same rough treatment as he had given Hannibal. He cuffs Nigel's wrists and reads him his rights as well. They're both officially under arrest.

Will can do with them what he pleases.

"How did you two manage to escape the law for so long?" Will laughs, playing with his baton in his hands.

"You-" Will indicates, forcing his baton under Hannibal's chin to tip his head up to meet his eyes. "have been hiding in plain sight. Preying upon innocents while disguised as one. A wolf in sheep's clothing."

Will drops Hannibal's chin and turns his attention to Nigel. He squats down similarly to how he had just a few moments ago, and meets Nigel's eyes when he yanks on the back of the younger man's hair. "And you? Have you just been putting bullets in the brains of anyone who questions you?"

He's never told Will about that, it's just never come up, and he'd prefer it to stay buried anyways. Will only knows that he was a drug dealer who needed to flee Europe to escape dangerous people. Nigel's playful expression drops as realization floods over him of what this means.

"I have the tape, Nigel." Will explained, stating the obvious here.

Will reaches into his back pocket of his tight uniform pants and pulls out a tape labeled 'Cubbies Win World Series - 1995', he presents it before Nigel, and both Will and Hannibal can identify the exact moment that his panic sets in.

His breathing is sporadic through his nose, and he pulls against his restraints hard enough to cause pain. This all feels far too real, far too fast. Nigel's face hardens when he attempts to ask, "Will, how did-" But his words are halted by a strike of Will's baton to his tense arm.

"I must suggest that you practice your right to silence." Will expresses as he drags the baton up Nigel's arm to rest on his shoulder. Will rises and walks away from the pair. Nigel's eyes are panicked as he watches, his breathing still heavy and quick.

Will sets the tape on the nightstand, far, far away from Nigel's reach, especially with his hands restrained behind his back.

Nigel trusts Will, especially knowing that he's a criminal himself... but seeing the tape again brought a surge of urgency to get rid of its existence. He's never stopped wondering who has the tape, and he considers himself lucky that it ended up in his lover's hands. Hands that are so morally grey after being with Hannibal and Nigel for so long.

Will understands Nigel's panic upon seeing the tape. The tape shows felony murder, murder that occurs during a felony, to put it simply. Will could turn around and hand the film in, and Nigel would be in some serious fucking trouble.

But he won't.

Will can feel Nigel's panic in his bones. It's a very different sensation than what is coming off of Hannibal. Hannibal is calm, confident that Will won't put their partner in deep shit.

"Nigel. Tell me your color." Will turned back around to face the younger male. His panic was fogging up Will's brain, and he was fearful he'd gone too far with revealing this now.

Nigel looked up at Will, and the second their eyes met, he knew that everything would be just fine. He needs to put his trust in Will.

"Green." Nigel tried to calm his breaths, and found that his throat was extremely dry from his sudden moments of panic. "I'm okay, Officer."

Will couldn't help but smirk at that, they hadn't even discussed that they needed to call Will anything other than their normal terms, and yet here Nigel is, calling him an officer of the law.

Will taps his baton against his belt before slipping it into the holster, close by in case he needs it to correct either one of his submissives.

Nigel drops his eyes to the floor once he sees that Will believes that he is okay to continue. His head is still full of panicked thoughts, but he's slowly managing to control his body's reaction to it. His breaths are long and slow, counting them in his mind like Hannibal had taught him to.

His efforts don't go unnoticed by either of them, and it manages to pull a prideful smile to Hannibal's face. Will walks towards the two of them and pets through Nigel's hair to reward him for the effort to control himself.

Hannibal can still smell Nigel's fear, and it's absolutely delectable. He's never smelt fear like this on the younger man before.

Will removes his hand from Nigel's hair and drops it down to his side. He leans down between the two men and whispers between both of their ears, "I can be merciful."

Will stands tall once again and raises his voice so they can hear him clearly, "You two don't deserve mercy, but you might be able to earn it."

Nigel practically shivers at the implication. He's not nearly as skilled at concealing his bodily reactions to Will's words as Hannibal is.

“Oh?” Will takes note of the reaction, and puts a teasing tone to his words when he speaks again, “Would you enjoy earning my mercy, felon?”

Nigel nods his head slowly, but keeps it lowered in his submission. Will nudges his boot into Nigel’s stomach, not satisfied with the answer.

“I asked you a question.” Will barked.

“I want to earn your mercy, Officer.” Nigel admits, refraining from glancing up at Will. Hannibal can smell both of their arousals, and in turn, it’s making hiding his a lot harder.

He’s not supposed to enjoy this. He’s just doing it for Will, so why is he so turned on by both Will’s dominant officer personality and Nigel’s fearful, eager criminal submission.

The clinking of a belt buckle pulls him back to reality, and he realizes that Will is now taking off his uniform belt. Hannibal has a very good guess as to what comes next.

Will pulls out his hard length and strokes it a few times, the two submissive men watch in awe as Will prepares their meal.

Hannibal and Nigel share a glance, one that communicates a mutual understanding of their job. But they wait for Will’s command.

“If you want my mercy, then suck.” Will is looking down only at Nigel, so Hannibal keeps his head lowered as Nigel moves in. He kisses the tip gently, then moves over to place sloppy kisses along one side of the erect length.

Will looks down at Nigel with a sick smile, pleased by his eager submission to his punishment. Even if he doesn’t realize how this punishment is going to work yet.

He looks over to Hannibal with a confused glance. Had he not heard Will, or is he purposely disobeying? Will doesn’t care much to find out the answer, he just wants Hannibal’s mouth.

“Suck, Ripper. You’re definitely no saint, you too must be punished for my mercy” Will growls out in a challenging tone, taking Hannibal’s hair and yanking on it in forceful encouragement.

Hannibal doesn’t hesitate, and he takes the tip of Will’s dick into his mouth, careful to give Nigel the room he needs to stimulate Will’s hilt with sucking kisses. The gasps escaping Will’s lips are spurring both of them on.

Nigel moves lower to stimulate Will’s sack with his tongue. Oh, how he wishes he had his hands free right now to help aid his mouth.

Hannibal has taken to sucking Will’s entire length into his mouth, now that Nigel is out of the way. The combination of the two mouths on his body is a pleasant pleasure. When Will feels he’s close, he yanks Hannibal’s head away by his hair, which pulls a growl from the older man’s lips.

“Bon appétit, baby.” Will groans as he comes mainly inside Hannibal’s open mouth, but some makes it on his cheeks and neck.

Hannibal starts to swallow, and Will frowns down at him. He slaps him across the face gentle enough to not move Hannibal's head, but hard enough for it to sting. "Come on now, share the fruits of your combined labor with Nigel, you greedy slut."

The degradation isn't unexpected, and is welcome since this role play is supposed to make Nigel and Hannibal feel less than Will.

Nigel pulls off of Will's balls hearing Hannibal's order. He maneuvers his body to make this easier for the two of them, and Hannibal seems to appreciate it when he takes Nigel's lips into his own.

Nigel can't help but groan at how erotic this is. They're sharing Will's salty cum between them in the best way. Nigel forces his way into Hannibal's mouth, chasing the remainder of the thick substance with his tongue.

Hannibal doesn't like sharing much, but he does like making out with Nigel, very, very much. So, he openly shared the cum that he's got stored in his mouth with the younger male when he searches for it.

Will watches with fascination as the two men share his release, he forgets just how much passion these two share because they so often are focused on him, and not each other.

It's fucking hot.

Nigel pulls back from Hannibal mouth breathless, and eagerly licks the cum off of his cheeks, and travels all the way down to his neck to collect the release that found its way down there.

Hannibal happily presents his neck to the younger man, enjoying the obvious release of built up passion. Nigel doesn't stop when he's cleaned off the rest of Will's cum, and it doesn't go unnoticed by him.

"Enough." Will commands in a quick breath. "I've decided your punishments."

Nigel rights himself quickly, fixing his posture and scoots away from Hannibal back to where he'd knelt before.

Will grabs out his baton from his hollister and displays it in both hands, showing its length to his two submissives.

"Do you know how long this baton is tip to base?" Will asks the men, though he doesn't want a verbal answer. They understand this perfectly, because they simply shake their heads.

"30 inches." Will explains. He kneels down to come eye level with his submissives once again. "Exactly two and a half feet," He whispers into their ears.

"Much bigger than me, that's for sure." He laughs out cruelly, a sadistic smile on his face.

Nigel can't help the shudder those images bring him. This baton is much, much larger than any of them. The only thing that could make it any more intimidating would be if it was as girthy as any of them. That would be absolute hell for what Will is hinting at.

“Stay kneeled on the ground, and come back to back.” Will commands as he moves away from the two criminals, headed to retrieve their lube from his bedside table.

When he returns, the two men have executed his order beautifully. Though, this won’t do for his plans. He feels it’s easier to just position them than try to make them do this in handcuffs.

So, he uses his foot to step between Hannibal’s shoulder blades, and he understands what is being asked of him. He allows Will to push his torso to the ground, ass up high, just a few inches away from Nigel’s back.

Will repeats the same actions with Nigel, but he’s much less graceful with his fall to the ground. Instead of being stepped on, he appears to have been shoved with the way he meets the ground.

Will looks at the space between them and decides it’s adequate for his punishment.

“You are to keep completely still during this punishment, understood?” Will asks the both of them as he leans down to undo Nigel’s belt.

“Yes, Officer.” They say in unison. Will can’t help but smile at how beautifully he’s trained these two intimidating men.

Will shucks down Nigel’s pants and underwear to his knees without regard for how it may pain his erect length and swollen balls. Nigel gasps at the rough treatment, but doesn’t try to move his body away, forcing himself to obey Will’s order.

Hannibal knows a similar treatment is coming to him, so he prepares himself so when Will does come shuck his pants and underwear down, that it doesn’t pull any reaction from him. And he’d succeeded much to Will’s annoyance.

“I’m gonna get a reaction out of you with this, Ripper.” Will threatens with a tap of the baton to Hannibal’s bare, plump ass.

Will admires the sight before him as he lubes up the entire length of the baton, except for the very middle where he’s holding. Both of his submissive’s heads are turned towards him, necks strained against the cold hardwood.

Will turns his attention to Nigel, knowing from experience that he’ll need more time to adjust to sudden intrusion than Hannibal will. He spreads Nigel’s cheeks with one hand, and the other presses the lubed baton against his tight rim.

There’s very little give at first, but as Will starts pressing harder, Nigel’s rim starts accepting the tip of the baton. Hannibal can tell when Will’s got Nigel to fully accept the cold head when he lets out a pleased hum, and a quick praise. The hum is closely followed by a long, pained groan in Nigel’s voice. By the sound, Hannibal can only imagine Will pushing the baton further inside Nigel’s stretched rim.

After a few moments, Nigel’s rim relaxes since the baton is consistently the same width, but his internal walls still stretch as the baton is forced into them.

Nigel's sounds are definitely pained, and Will could consider this punishment enough for the poor man. But Hannibal's crimes are much more severe and truly uncountable.

And Nigel will take this punishment alongside Hannibal, even if he only deserves the very first part of it. Will is thoroughly impressed when Nigel's ass meets his hand at the middle mark. They very rarely penetrate without prior preparation.

"Very good." Will praises, and moves on quickly to start Hannibal's punishment. He plans to be much less merciful with Hannibal, because he deserves this so much more. He's killed so many more people.

Will steps over Hannibal's body, and grabs one of his shoulders, lifting his torso up with one hand, and holds the baton steady with the other hand. He forces Hannibal to lean forward, with the lowering of his knee on this back.

Hannibal will have to tense his abdominal muscles to help Will keep him upright like this. He feels the press of the cold baton against his hole, which helps him know when to stop leaning forward. His abs are so tense in this position, and Hannibal realizes suddenly that the contraction of his internal muscles will make stretching that much more painful.

Just as Will planned.

Will looks between his legs to ensure that Hannibal is lined up nicely before he starts to pull his body back to force the head of the baton inside, despite the protest of Hannibal's tight rim.

The pained groan that leaves Hannibal's lips is like music to Will's ears. Nigel is so concerned by the sound of it, that he has to resist asking if Hannibal tore.

Will knows that he didn't. There's no blood.

He gives another pull on Hannibal's shoulder, and his body rocks back to accept more of the penetration against the protests that his inner walls are screaming.

The sounds leaving Hannibal's lips are quiet, but expressive of his pain. The forced contraction of his muscles is not making this any easier for him.

The more his body takes of the intrusion, the more he can relax his abs. As a result, the further they go, the more bearable it becomes. It only takes a few more painful pulls, then Will is lowering his torso back to the ground, indicating that he's far enough down the baton.

"You deserved every second of that pain, felon." Will assures Hannibal, a bite in his tone. Hannibal can't help but laugh at the change in treatment between himself and Nigel. He knows that Nigel's crimes are not nearly as extensive or severe, so it's completely understandable.

"If you move your hips at all, you get a blow anywhere I choose." Will explains his conditions. "You will not orgasm without my permission."

Will lets that sink in for a moment before he starts. Nigel glances back at him and notices that Will is still holding onto the baton, but he's now kneeling next to their bodies.

Will pulls the baton to the left first, penetrating Nigel much further while pulling a decent amount out of Hannibal. This pulls a surprised gasp from Nigel, and he has to ball his fists to resist the urge to pull away from the further penetration. He's got at least 12 inches, maybe even more, inside of him right now.

It's more than he's ever taken before, that's for damn sure. Will doesn't spend long before pulling the baton to the right, impaling Hannibal further, and gifting Nigel a moment of mercy as a few inches leave him to penetrate his lover.

Hannibal's groan is short and low, a simple communication. He can feel his walls contracting around the baton, trying to reject it.

Will is quick with the next few pulls, alternating between his submissives which is being plowed into, and which is being pulled out of. Nigel's pleasure starts to show before Hannibal's in the form of sharp groans and fast pants.

Will watches each of their faces carefully, moving the baton faster now, at almost the same pace and motion that he would jerk one of these two men off.

Hannibal's eyebrows furrow as his pleasure starts to blossom, the pain now dissipated, his walls accepting the intrusion gratefully.

Will is so distracted by the change in Hannibal's usually trained face that he almost missed Nigel's needy rocking. Will tisked disapprovingly and delivers the promised blow to Nigel's ass. The sharp pain makes Nigel tense up for a moment, which in turn makes him groan as the baton brushes his tightened walls.

Will shows little mercy, and picks up his speed again, knowing his wrist will cramp at some point if he keeps this pace.

"Earn my mercy, filthy criminals." Will growls the reminder of what they're supposed to be doing, watching as Nigel forces himself to be still despite his pleasure building. Hannibal groans again at the degradation, and he can't help but pull against his restraints.

Hannibal starts to moan wantonly, and that's a telltale sign that he's about to cum when he's being penetrated. Will looks down at his eyes, and hisses a reminder of his order. "Don't you fucking dare."

Nigel whines at the tone of voice and the words spoken, even if they weren't directed at him. He can feel his release begging to come out, and he's not sure if he can hold it much longer, not with the pace that Will is fucking him.

"Shit, Officer. I'm close too." Nigel hisses his warning through his teeth, and he's not sure if his hips are moving or not anymore. He can't feel anything other than his building release, right on the cusp of orgasm.

He gets a definite answer when he receives a blow to the ass again, and Will speaks a promise of reward. "Correct your hips and I'll let you cum."

Nigel has never forced himself to go so still so fast. He's desperate, and Will can tell.

He's been so good. He deserves his mercy, now.

"Go ahead, Nigel." Will says, watching as Nigel shoots his load onto his hardwood floor. The sounds of his release are so erotic that Will is unsure if they're coming from Nigel's mouth or a pornstar's.

He pauses his fucking for a moment, mainly to let his cramping wrist rest, but also to help Nigel off of the baton. He doesn't make the man sit up, and instead comes around to hug his arms around Nigel's torso. Will pulls the baton out of Hannibal by pulling Nigel's body away, and allowing his exhausted, spent lover to lay down.

He slips the baton out of Nigel and leans down to place a kiss between his shoulder blades, whispering a quiet command. "Stay put. Don't even think about touching that damn tape yet."

Will strips the police uniform top, indicating that they're no longer roleplaying, that this is Will Graham, not an officer of the law.

This is a fellow felon.

He's on the same level as them.

They're equals.

Will leaves Nigel to rest, turning his attention back to Hannibal once again. "Do you think you've earned my mercy?"

Hannibal doesn't respond, unsure of if he truly has. Had he really done that well today to account for all of his sins? He's not sure.

"Answer me honestly." Will barks out, kneeling behind Hannibal's presented ass. He lands a blow on the lovely right cheek to correct Hannibal's silence.

"No, I don't deserve anyone's mercy." Hannibal speaks breathlessly, it's honest, but not what Will believes.

"I didn't ask about other's mercies. I'm asking about me." Will reminds. "Do you deserve my mercy, Hannibal?"

"Not after everything I've done to hurt you." Hannibal admits.

Will frowns at his response. Is that really what he thinks? That he doesn't deserve Will's mercy and love after all he's done for him.

He places another harsh blow to the same cheek to correct him yet again.

“You deserve my mercy, Hannibal. You deserve love because you give love.” Will rubs over the red mark that his slaps had left on Hannibal’s ass. “You won’t hurt me again, I know that, and Nigel knows that.”

Hannibal groans at that, still surprised to this day that Will can read him so easily.

“I’m going to fuck you, and you have permission to cum when you please. You’ve been wonderful for me today.” Will leans down to kiss between Hannibal’s shoulder blades, like he had Nigel just moments ago.

He can tell when Hannibal is unsure of himself, and right now is one of those times. Will hates it. He wants Hannibal to know himself, know Will. He hates it when either of his partners are self deprecating, and understands that they need extra love when they fall into it.

Hannibal needs some extra love right now.

When Will ‘fucks’ Hannibal, it’s gentle and slow.

It’s lovemaking.

Will is certain that Hannibal is crying by the end of it, realizing that he deserves Will’s love.

He cums all over Will’s hardwood floor just as Nigel had, and he stays still waiting for Will to get off for the second time tonight.

It doesn’t take long, his pleasure increasing as Hannibal’s over sensitive walls squeeze around him. He cums inside of Hannibal, and is delighted to watch as the older male pushes it back out of his hole.

Will ticks himself back in and redoes his fly quickly, trying to not keep Hannibal waiting for too long. Will retrieves the keys to the handcuffs from inside his pocket. He unlocks Hannibal, and massages his wrists gently where they started to chafe. He starts to rise, and Will lets him.

There’s other, more private business that needs to be attended to, after all.

He takes Hannibal into his arms in an embrace, and he whispers lowly in his ear, “Why don’t you head to the bathroom for a shower? Nigel and I need a moment, and I know you’ll be more comfortable once you’re clean.”

Hannibal nods and pets through Will’s hair. With one last kiss, they part. When Will hears the latch of the bathroom door, he turns to attend to Nigel.

He sits down by the younger man, and starts to pet through his hair. “You were so good for me today.” Will assured as Nigel opened his eyes once again. He wasn’t sleeping, but he feels tired enough to.

Will reaches into his pocket again and grabs his keys. Nigel allows Will to unlock the handcuffs before rolling over onto his back.

Will picks up one of Nigel's chafed wrists gently, placing a kiss to the spot where Nigel's pulse thrums steadily.

"Do you want to burn it together or join Hannibal in the shower?" Will provides options, knowing that it's important to do so when dealing with stressful things like a criminalizing tape. He's offering an escape if Nigel decides he would rather leave Will to dispose of it on his own.

"Together." Nigel decides, sitting up slowly. He leans over to kiss Will gently before speaking again, "I think the thing that scares me most about you being the one to possess the tape is that Darko would certainly kill you if he discovers that you hold it."

Will blinks for a moment, then recalls the other man in the tape. "Darko was your accomplice."

"Yes. We were like brothers before that day." Nigel sighed, picking up one of Will's hands to kiss his palm softly. "He's the reason I had to flee Europe. And that dumb fucking tape."

Will nodded his understanding, realizing that Nigel had more to say, so he stayed silent.

"We were always so careful. But that one fucking time, we missed one fucking camera." Nigel laughed sickly, massaging Will's palm nervously.

"I have the tape, Nigel. You can watch it if you want to double check. No copies were ever made." Will ensured, bringing his other hand up to cup Nigel's hand in his own. "You'll be free from all of this once we burn this fucking thing."

Nigel leaned over to kiss Will's temple, "Thank you, gorgeous." He whispered sweetly, a relieved tone in his voice.

Will rose slowly, his knees popping. Nigel follows him over to where the tape sits. The tape seems to exude negative energy. It makes Will feel shitty even just holding it.

Will moves over towards the fire, and once Nigel is behind him, arms wrapped around his middle sweetly, he hands it over to his lover.

Nigel takes the tape in one hand, the other wrapped around Will's body. He tosses the tape into the fire, and sets his head down on Will's shoulder as he watches the flames engulf it.

He doesn't stop watching until the entire thing is turned to ashes. He needs to watch it turn to nothing to finally accept that it's gone. That he's finally fucking free.

Will turns around in Nigel's arms, his bare chest cold in the winter air, despite the calm fire. He'd rather have Nigel warm him.

"Come on, Will. Hannibal's going to get impatient if someone doesn't join him soon."

"You're right."

"You always give him what he wants." Nigel teases affectionately.

“That’s not true. I didn’t let him kill that lady who called him a ‘boomer’.”

Nigel laughs into Will’s hair, swaying gently back and forth. He knows that Will loves the both of them, and he looks forward to waking up to his partners every single day.

He is their home.

They are his home.

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